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VOL. 1. NO. 9.

VANITY FAIR

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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FRANK J. THOMPSON, Publisher,
No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

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THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.

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IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,

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TO A

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OR

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NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; Soft
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair.
For beautifying the hair.
Yes, for beautify- [illegible] ! Try it!
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Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW!
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness. And
also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
It is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A perfect
Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. A per-
fect Gem. For Ladies' and Children's use.
23 ANN STREET. (Depot.) 23 ANN STREET.
The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the Beauty,
Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of
the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. Try it.
Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful Beautiful. A
New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French Tallow.
SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEPOT, 23
ANN STREET, NEAR ASTOR HOUSE, NEW-YORK.
It should be in every Family. It should be in every
Family. It is the best preparation for the Hair
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
Try it. Try it, Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the Hair soft,
Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and position the
whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. A NEW
It should be in every Family. Elegant. DISCO
Beautiful. It should be in every Family. VER
It should be in every Family. Delightful. Y!
The best preparation in the world. Try it. y
For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.
It is the best preparation in the World
A NEW For the Hair. For the Hair.
DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW
y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW!!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE,
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Near Astor House, N. Y.
Retail price, 50 cents a bo[illegible]
For sale by first-class hous[illegible]s,
Everywhere! Everywhe[illegible]!
Beautiful. Beau[illegible]ful.
Elegant. El[illegible]ant.
Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dress[illegible]r.
The Great Hair-dress[illegible]r.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 23 Ann-street
Second Floor, Room N[illegible] 2.

POOR THING!

COUNTER-JUMPER.—Aw—P'leeceman, will you have the kindness to see me across the street?

THE PENTAPOINT GIN.

O THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR—*Sir*:—From the earliest ages, the most eminent professors of the Artful Science of Healing have, with bitter tears, bewailed the want of a pure, undefiled, sound, unsophisticated, honest, genuine GIN. Homer (Il, 4, v. 193) represents Æsculapius, who was Surgeon of the ship Argo, Capt. Jason, Master, lamenting the low, not to say dumpy state of mind into which his beloved Commander had fallen, and thus invoking his father Apollo:—

Respected Sir! Our pangs will never cease,
Till Capt. Jason bones the golden fleece.
That pesky skin is now suspended high:
Watchful the dragon cocks his sleepless eye.
Jason, I fancy, would go in and win,
If roused to action by a drop of GIN.
Let from thy kindly hands the fluid fall
Which mortals schnapps, immortals nectar call.
Thus will our skipper, trebly fortified,
Do for the dragon and abstract the hide.

Grant but this prayer—ten bulls shall smoke to thee:
Yours truly, ÆSCULAPIUS, M.D.

The following letter, written by Hippocrates, a regular physician, to his grandfather Nebrus, may here be cited:—

ATHENS, B.C. 416.

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER:—I give it up, dead beat. I thought I had seen measles in Cos, but they have a kind here that knocks ours into goose-pimples. Gen. Demosthenes came down with them to-day, and Col. Cleon has symptoms. I think I should have saved Pericles if I could have found a little pure GIN. Send me a few bottles of your own particular, and oblige,

Yours affectionately,
HIPPOCRATES, M.D.

I may add the following certificate from the great Galen:—

There is nothing like a glass of good GIN to raise the spirits. His Sacred Majesty, Marcus Aurelius is very fond of a drop occasionally—and so am I.

CLAUDIUS GALENUS, M.D.

That, sir, which in the morning of medical science, was thus sought and sought in vain, I have discovered. From boyhood to my present age of ninety-nine, by day and by night, I have studied, investigated, pondered. The proud result is the PENTAPOINT GIN, which I offer to the world as an aperient, alternative, diaphoretic, sialagogue, errhine, diuretic, sudorific, rubefacient, lithontriptic and demulcent family medicine. I can confidently recommend it in all cases of cancer, opthalmia, pneumonia, pleurisy, dyspepsia, congestion, cephalalogia, colic, vertigo, blindness, deafness, dumbness, lethargy, dropsy, hysteria. Also fits. It will, I am confident, soon altogether supercede those poisonous medicines, now so often prescribed by the well-meaning but embarassed medical man. It acts by the corpuscular attraction of chemical agency, and must therefore take the place of mercury, zinc, antimony, corrosive sublimate and iodine.

Of the perfect purity of the PENTAPOINT GIN, there can be no question. My juniper is brought from the classic land of Italy. The bottles are manufactured by a most distinguished blower, and the printer of my labels and wrappers is a member of the church. It is only in this way that absolute purity can be secured. I may add that my family have been interested in GIN for several generations. My grandfather drank GIN as early as 1790, and my great uncle was very fond of it in 1802. The effect of adulterated GIN upon my mother-in-law directed my attention to the spurious GINS palmed upon confiding females, and awakened my youthful ambition. I have produced an article which has been enthusiastically welcomed by physicians, who pronounce all other GINS to be not merely spurious but dangerous to the alimentary canal.

Sir, the agonizing effects of an impure GIN cannot be imagined. To this may be traced most of the murders, fires, larcenies, epidemics, assaults, batteries, Congressional speeches, bigamies, forgeries, leading articles in the morning papers, stringencies in Wall-street, sudden deaths and unfortunate poems which now distract the community. Like the Editor of VANITY FAIR, I seek only the good of the human race. I see before me a sick and suffering world, and with a heart full of anguish and sympathy I offer to it the PENTAPOINT GIN as a Sovereign Balm. Get the pure!

Very respectfully, your friend and servant,
GILES JUNIPER, M.D.

P. S.—Please accept the case which I send of the celebrated, pure, unsophisticated, unadulterated PENTAPOINT GIN. You will find it a good article to offer to your friends, and should you unfortunately be attacked by that complicated disease known as cancerous-pneumonia-hysteric-pleuritic cephalalogia, take ten bottles in rapid succession and you will soon feel no pain at all. G. J., M.D.

Con. for Skaters who patronize Screw Skates.

When have you a supply of lumber in your boot?
When you have a Hole Bored in your heel, of course.

Shakspearian.

THE "JACK THAT 'TURNED' A GENTLEMAN."—Apple Jack.

Il Politico.

AN OPERA IN ONE GRAND ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. { SHERIFF *of the County of New-Yok.* / CLERK " " / JUSTICE. *first as an apple-woman.* / TAX-PAYERS, etc.

NEW-YORK: *Middle of Nineteenth Century.*

SCENE FIRST (IN WHICH NOTHING IS SEEN.)

[*The orchestra perform an overture consisting principally of winks. At intervals, groans are heard from behind the scenes, and strange mutterings, which gradually strengthen and become more frequent. They are cleverly taken off on the violincello and double-bass. Suddenly, the following chorus is heard, andante, doloroso, with a derisive accompaniment of horns and cat-calls:*]—

CHORUS.

What demon never leaves our track,
And drives us all to desperation—
Piling his woes on every back?—
It is the Demon of Taxation!
[*Groans.*]
And he will never, never, no,
Never, never, never go.
Oh-h-h-h-h!
[*A few howls.*]

He'll drive us all to beggary,
If he continues thus to fleece us:
And in our palaces will spree
The public servants, rich as Crœsus.
[*Groans.*]
And he will never, never, no,
Never, never, never go.
Oh-h-h-h-h!
[*One long, despairing howl.*]

SCENE SECOND.

[*Curtain rises. Passage in City Hall.*]

APPLE-WOMAN (JUSTICE) *arranging her table. Pauses, and sighs.*

RECITATIVE AND ARIA.

How have I fallen! once perched on this proud fane, I held the sword and scales, and made a decent figure in the world. Behold me now!—forced to disguise myself, and peddle paltry trash. And yet—and yet—

Deride me not, whate'er I am!
Now I am honest: was I, then,
I held my badges high aloft
Above a wretched thievish den—
Yes, yes, a wretched thievish den!
[*Violins pizzicato, and winks.*]

Blindfold, I saw more roguery
Than I could weigh in both my scales:
Now I look out for Number One,
And honestly attend to sales—
Yes, honestly attend to sales.
[*Approving purr on the drum.*]

Don't fear my apples are not sound;
Inside and outside are alike:
Not every *gentleman* I know
Can such an honest balance strike—
Can such an honest balance strike.
[*Vigorous winking, and an eccentric staccato movement, tutti, unisoni.*]

Pastoral Symphony *celebrating the greenness of the people.*

SCENE THIRD (THE SAME.)

[COUNTY CLERK *enters,* L. H., *and descends to the footlights with his hand on his heart. Looks piteously around.*]

CAVATINA, *in A flat.*

I should be happy, but alas! I'm not!
No dreamless sleep will visit my soft couch,
My gains are great, my perquisites immense,
[*Pathetic groans from behind the scenes.*]
I'm honest, too, as every one will vouch;—
Yet somehow I am secretly unhappy—
[*Enter* SHERIFF, *r. h.*]

SHERIFF, *in C sharp, mimicking.*
And that's because you're jolly green and unhappy.

CLERK. I sometimes think I *am* a little green,
Considering the money I am making;
For thirty thousand ought to smooth my path,
And quite allay my qualms, and stop my shaking:
But really, I don't earn one tenth, you see,
Of all I make——

SHERIFF. Why, man, just look at me!

BUFFO ARIA (SHERIFF).

I make at least three times as much as yourself,—

My Deputy does pretty much all the work;
One twentieth part is about all I earn,
And yet I'm as jolly and fat as a Turk!
My bankers they grin
When I bring 'em the tin,
And the way we all laugh at the people's a sin!
[*Groans are heard—jeeringly caricatured on the double-bass.*]

CLERK. I see my mistake.

SHERIFF. Then why do you quake?

CLERK. I feel somewhat chilly.

SHERIFF. Your hand: let us shake.
[*They shake hands a long time.*]

BOTH, *hand in hand.*
We're in luck; let's make money before we're turned out,
Or before the dull people discover the leak;

We're paid most extravagant wages, no doubt,
But so are all men who have plenty of cheek:
We'll take what the gods in their kindness bestow,
Though its squeezed from the purse of their subjects below.
[*Infernal howling, groaning, and cursing, by the* TAX-PAYERS, *garnished liberally by the industrious gentlemen of the orchestra.*]

SCENE FOURTH (THE SAME.)

RECITATIVE.

JUSTICE, *sotto voce.*—I'll befriend the people? I'll point out some of the channels through which their money is ceaselessly flowing! I'll be myself for a while,—*de facto*, as well as *de jure!*

[*Mounts her table, which assumes the appearance of a throne, and appears in her proper character. Inner curtain rises, displaying innumerable excited* TAX-PAYERS. SHERIFF *and* CLERK *begin to tremble.*]

GRAND SCENA E FINALE!

JUSTICE. Ye suffering, sore-afflicted men—

TAX-PAYERS. Right, Justice dear,—you hit it, then?

JUSTICE, *with dignity.* I'll do the talking: you must hear.

TAX-PAYERS, *sotto voce.* You've got the right—that's very clear.

JUSTICE, *embarrassed.* You've put me out—confound your gab—
I'll have to tell you at one dab.

Behold those quivering wretches there—

JUSTICE and CLERK. 'Tain't us alone: that's all in your eye:
Others have fingers in the pie.

JUSTICE. So much the better for my story:
Tax-paying friends, you see before you
(Who stops for rhyme, that truly preaches?)
A sample lot of lively leeches
Who suck your life-blood night and day,
And soon will suck it all away.
Yet they're not suckers, friends, they're sharks.

TAX-PAYERS. They must disgorge!

JUSTICE. Pray, no remarks.
One makes *ten times the sum he earns*;
I mean the Clerk: how his face burns!
'Tother's the Sheriff—think of *him!*
No wonder he feels rather slim!
He makes each year, and doesn't try—
Three times Buchanan's salary!
And some say *four!*

TAX-PAYERS, *starting forward with a howl.* Enough, enough;
Thank Heaven, at last we're up to snuff!

SHERIFF, *with his knees knocking together.* It's time to go, *un dolce mio*—
We weren't, I think, born under Leo!

BOTH *retiring, r. h. and l. h.* Adi-i-i-i-i-o!

[*Tumult, molto crescendo, all the instruments fortissimo, with howls, groans, and vigorous execrations. Inner curtain falls, through which are seen gleams of red fire, and* JUSTICE *gracefully subsides into a snuffy old apple-woman.*]

FINALE DEL OPERA.

Art in the Senate.

When a motion was made in the Senate for an appropriation to defray the expenses of inaugurating Clark Mills's equestrian insult to Washington, a light and vivacious conversation arose, concerning National art-matters. Mr. Hale, (of New Hampshire,) found much fault with Persico's statue of Columbus. Likewise with Greenough's statue of Washington. Which makes it very bad for Columbus and Washington. Mr. Hale (of New Hampshire,) was "opposed to appropriating money to fill the city with these scarecrows." So far, so good. Economy is wealth. If artistic works are good, they are good things to have. If not, not. But Mr. Hale (of New Hampshire,) "thought better of the equestrian statue of Jackson." How much? If Greenough had made Washington standing on his hind legs, as Mills made Jackson, or the horse, or something, we suppose that Mr. Hale (of New Hampshire,) would have liked it as well. The taste displayed by Mr. Hale, (of New Hampshire,) is certainly enormous, immense, and overwhelming, but unfortunately, it is very bad taste. The only sensible remark, among all those made by Mr. Hale, (of New Hampshire,) was the last one, when he said, "I do not claim, however, to be a connoiseur." But this was quite superfluous.

Young Richmond and the Taylor.

Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond, Va.

Young Richmond, very proud and pious too,
Engaged a certain Taylor of renown—
A little job of journey-work to do,
For him, in his chivalric, ancient town.
The Taylor, to oblige him, fixed the day,
By putting other customers aside;
But Southward when he would have gone his way,
Young Richmond, in his piety and pride,
Refused his service—swore he would not suit,
And from their contract coolly cut him loose;
Because his Cloth had got in bad repute—
And worse, he was not "Sound Upon the Goose!"

Chaussure a la Pio Nono.

The Italian Sympathy Movement is very popular, just now, in New-York, but we advise the sympathizers to be a little careful. His Holiness the Pope has found the Boot of Italy such a remarkably tight fit, that we have no desire to see Uncle Sam Put His Foot In It.

Nox et Praterea Nihil.

Mr. Morrissey, the prize fighter, is taking twenty-five thousand dollars with him to England to bet it on the coming fight for the Championship. This is large odds, $25,000 against one Mill.

The Main Question.

Does Britannia rule the seas?

THE OLD-FASHIONED GAS FIXTURE NOW IN THE WHITE HOUSE AT WASHINGTON, BUT SHORTLY TO BE REMOVED TO WHEATLAND, PA.

DRAMATIC SCENE.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, IN WASHINGTON, NOT FAR FROM WILLARD'S. TIME, 11 A.M.

[*Enter* Mr. BUCHANAN *and* Mr. DOUGLAS, *from opposite sides. They meet.*]

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Ah, Douglas, good day; why so fast? Turn about a little, and go with me awhile.

Mr. DOUGLAS (*hesitating*).—Well, you see my time is limited just now. I have a good many things to prepare, and I have been turning about with half-a-dozen good fellows or so, who wanted my company. However, let us walk together, any way. I can't lose much, for you've only a little time now to spend here yourself, I suppose. [*They turn and proceed, with arms locked, in the direction of the Capitol.*]

Mr. BUCHANAN.—True, I shall have to be getting home presently. How are you now, Douglas?

Mr. DOUGLAS.—I flourish. The atmosphere suits me. I hate your tranquil, placid weather. These swift alternations seem to suit my frame. But you look jaded. How do you stand it?

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Not so well. I suffer a good deal at times.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Is anything the matter with your Constitution?

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Occasionally I think so. It plays me sad tricks once in a while. And yet I try to humor it in every way.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—My dear fellow, you expose yourself too much. No man can endure these sharp winds from the North, and these hot blasts from the South, coming close upon one another all the time. You see you should dress more carefully. Trim your clothes to protect you effectually from the one or the other, but don't run the risk of suffering from both.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Why, Douglas, you are the last man to give such counsel. Your rashness is known to everybody. You almost constantly invite infection from all quarters.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Ah, but I have been vaccinated all around. Besides, I am younger than you, and I recover more readily from these little attacks.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Take care, Douglas, you may venture once too often.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Oh, if danger comes I can run.

Mr. BUCHANAN (*smiling, and glancing at his companion's extremities*).—Oh, *can* you run?

Mr. DOUGLAS (*reddening*). — Come now, Buchanan, don't talk stuff. One would almost think your head was turned. (*Furtively eyeing Mr. B. in the region of his neckcloth.*)

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Nonsense, Douglas; you know I can look ahead as well as the best of you.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—But you can't see your way so clear.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—That's owing to the Scotch Mist.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—What do you mean?

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Didn't you know? I call it Scotch Mist for want of another name. A malady of three years' standing. I caught it in New-York, and, upon my word, since it has been on me, I can't tell, half the time, which way I'm going, or what's before me.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Dear, dear. And can't you get rid of it?

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Not while I stay here. That's the difficulty. They say there is a French cure for it, but it seemed to me a desperate remedy, and—well, I was afraid, though I once thought seriously of applying it.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—If the disease is desperate, the remedy ought to be so, too. But they say an old Pennsylvania disorder of yours has just broken out afresh.

Mr. BUCHANAN (*with some excitement*).—Yes, sir; the villains told me I was cured of that forever. I was comparatively comfortable for a while. But now you see how it has come back on me. More malignant than ever, sir.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Don't be agitated. I'm sure we all feel for you. I know we all look anxiously forward to the termination of your sorrows here.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Thank you, my good fellow; I believe that. It's foolish of me to give way so. Have you got any tobacco, Douglas?

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Not a scrap. My Southern friends don't supply me with everything that I want.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—You can't rely on them, sir. I could tell you some things that would open your eyes. But no matter. There's Seward—stop him.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—The hardest man in the world to stop. But we'll try. Say, Seward, Seward!

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Hey, Seward!

[*Enter* Mr. SEWARD, *who joins them.*]

Mr. SEWARD.—Good morning, gentlemen; what shall I do for you?

Mr. DOUGLAS.—Buck wants some tobacco; have you got any?

Mr. SEWARD.—Of course; I couldn't get along without my Weed.

[MR. BUCHANAN *bites off a piece, and restores the balance to* MR. SEWARD, *who offers it to* MR. DOUGLAS. *The Illinois Senator gracefully but firmly declines; whereupon* MR. SEWARD *helps himself, and the three walk on together.*]

Mr. DOUGLAS.—How is it with you, Seward. They say your health has been doubtful for a good while.

Mr. SEWARD.—Oh, nothing severe. A little weakened, that's all. My friends say I must keep quiet, and not try to do too much at present.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—But I heard they said in the Senate that you had symptoms of lock-jaw.

Mr. SEWARD.—A childish rumor, nothing more. I shan't die yet.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Mr. Seward has no inclination for Toombs.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—I thought it was indigestion. I would have sworn you had swallowed something which didn't quite agree with you.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Yes; and although you always were sallow, it has been noticed that your complexion keeps growing darker every day.

Mr. SEWARD.—Oh! that's easily explained. You know I've lately been travelling farther into Africa than ever. You can't get the Brown off very easily, after such an experience as mine.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—So they say. Speaking of brown, what a pretty house that is, off yonder.

Mr. SEWARD.—So, so; I don't like brown houses to live in, myself.

Mr. DOUGLAS.—I prefer another color, too.

Mr. BUCHANAN.—Pooh, pooh; mere imagination. But here we are, close upon the Capitol grounds. Shall we go in?

Mr. Douglas.—No, not together. Some of our fellows might be fighting, as they usually are about this time, and they would be sure to drag us into the quarrel.

Mr. Seward.—At any rate, if we were witnesses, we should have to express opinions, and that would be awkward. No, let us separate.

Mr. Buchanan.—Why not turn back together?

Mr. Douglas.—Our business lies in opposite courses. I must leave you Good-day.

Mr. Seward.—Good-day, Douglas.

Mr. Buchanan.—Success to you, Steve.

Mr. Douglas.—The same to both of you.

[*They walk away severally.*]

Mr. Seward (*aside*).—The poor old gentleman is blind to his condition. He's in a bad way, certainly. And as for Douglas, with his complication of disorders, he can't live a year. Now I stand robust and hearty, and am full of good hopes. Throw physic away somewhere.

Mr. Douglas (*aside*).—Poor Seward, he never will get over this fever. It grows upon him. I apprehend black vomit. It's horrible, too; but he's so susceptible, and always running into danger. And Jimmy's completely worn out. He can't stand these shocks. I fancy them envying my splendid health. They see the value now of my style of training.

Mr. Buchanan (*aside*).—I don't reject their sympathy, because that would be discourteous. But bless me, they can't understand my endurance. I venture to say, now, that I could beat them both easily, at a fair and square race. And if you come to hard knocks, they wouldn't either of them stand the ghost of a chance beside me.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Flirt.

THIS brilliant insect of the butterfly species is common to all latitudes, but flourishes best in a warm climate. It revels in the atmosphere of the ball-room, the Matinée, the artistic réunion; and while it loves publicity, it is not loth to lurk in shaded alcoves or to nestle among cushions in quiet corners.

The plumage of the female Flirt is very dazzling. It is clad in the most radiant smiles, and compliments of the softest and most delicate shades, while its eyes have a strange, deep and penetrating lustre.

It diffuses a faint yet thrilling perfume, caught from crushed flowers, scent-bags, billet-doux. Its music is a low, persuasive hum. It can be true to no tune, but sings snatches, and at the piano runs over the keys with light and tremulous touch.

The volatility of this insect has long perplexed naturalists. It baffles pursuit. Strange to say, it dissolves to the touch, and when caught is a handful of ashes, cold and colorless.

The sting of the Flirt is very severe. Some say it is poisonous. Instances have been known where it has proved fatal to happiness and hope. It is inflicted with perfect impartiality, but seems to strike deepest into fresh and honest hearts.

The Flirt languishes at the first chill breath of sorrow. When storm is in the air it is pitiful to see it seeking shelter, its gay plumage so beaten and soiled, and the color and the perfume gone, and the low inviting music changed to a despairing plaint.

The flame that it flutters around, generally burns it at last, as is the case with many a poor moth.

AN AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

(Hp!) 'Taint late, o'ly (hp) eleven o'clock, (hp) mus' go home an' take my wife to the (hp) theatre.

How to Preserve the Honor of a State.

Mr. Edmundson, of Virginia, has discovered that the honor of his native State cannot get on at all without the proper chastisement of all sick and feeble persons who tamper with it. An able-bodied, vigorous fellow, like Senator Wilson, for example, may sneer and scoff as he pleases, and the honor of Virginia remains as unruffled as a puritan of Charles the Second's time, while Mr. Edmundson's temper is as balmy as the Liquid of a Thousand Flowers. But let any prostrate and worn-out wretch, like Mr. Hickman, venture his contemptuous allusion, and the outraged dignity of the Mother of Presidents manifests itself to the extent of as severe a whipping as circumstances will allow;—the essential circumstances being the offender's solitude, and the remoteness of all his friends. If the honor of Virginia demand the punishment of only those of its assailants who are incapable of resistance, Mr. Edmundson would find it easier, and, no doubt, more congenial to his feelings, to waylay the wives and daughters of the legislators whose sentiments are obnoxious to him, and, provided they have no chance of immediate protection, to wreak them such injury as may be in his power;—to crush their bonnets, or to destroy their hoops, or to tear out some of their hair, or to scar and maim them with his fists and with his cane. And if Mr. Edmundson should require cooperation, he would, no doubt, find ready assistance from his colleague, Mr. Pryor, who has already given public evidence of his disposition to deal brutally with women, leaving the manlier duties of his position to less courageous hands.

Conundrum for Militant Washingtonians.

Why are two fighting Congressmen like the abbreviation of a physician's title (M. D.)?

Because you have to get in between them to make them Mind.

A Man of Honest Convictions.

Frank Fowler, the Bogus Ticket man.

WINDY WALKING.

SUITED especially to the boisterous weather which has of late prevailed are the following suggestions, which VANITY FAIR ventures for the guidance of sensible young ladies whose belief in open-air exercise is not shaken by the boreal blusterings of February. While recognising, in a moderate degree, the virtues of humility, timid coyness, and feminine caution, which, as everybody understands, tend to enrich and adorn aged womanhood, we apprehend that where youth and beauty are concerned, a little Vanity is the Fair sort of thing. We contend that the light of a pretty face has no business to be hid under a bushel—a process which, by the bye, the merciless milliners of the present season are endeavoring with all their might to bring into fashion. We have a firm confidence in the propriety of making our principal thoroughfare, as far as circumstances will allow, a Broad Way of destruction for susceptible hearts of the male description; and are satisfied that Union Park, and Gramercy Park, and the Central Park, and all the other Parks, are legitimate Fields for the exercise of all just means of feminine fascination. We hold that each gentle maiden who sanctifies the sidewalks of popular afternoon promenades, fails in her duty to society if she neglect to put forward all the attractions, bewilderments, and allurements unto her appertaining. According to these views, the subjoined hints are vouchsafed, the importance of which will be recognized with becoming seriousness:—

AUX PÉDESTRIENNES.

In the first place, choose your day; and let it be a bold, gusty day. On such, no artifice is needed to produce that healthy glow of countenance which indicates a peaceful conscience and a vigorous frame.

Before going out, see that a portion of your hair is not too closely confined. At the proper time, it will burst away, and riot sportively with the vagrant winds. In this manner, unrivalled opportunities for blushing confusion, half-concealed smiles, and airy head-tossings are afforded. Moreover, these wayward locks have been found very effective in securing large deposits of admiration.

On no account forget your muff. With your hands confined therein, you cannot conveniently repair the ravages of rude breezes, and any disorders of apparel must remain uninterfered with.

Bring forth white stockings only,

Array yourself with as much comfort as is compatible with the free exposition of your personal charms. It is an error to suppose that comfort is wholly unworthy of consideration. On the contrary, it may frequently be consulted without the slightest impropriety.

If the blasts be unendurably severe, close your eyes, bend your head, and proceed with briskness. You may thus unconsciously step into the affections of some very desirable person.

But never, even if the idol of your soul be near, pretend to slip and fall, that he may raise you. This method of laying yourself out to compel regard, has been discarded. Those who practice it simply put themselves down.

Science has discovered that the enormous effect of the Cyclone is owing to its rotary movement. A lesson may be learned from this. If your progress at any time become difficult, and you detect symptoms of entanglement in your robes, commence to turn slowly about, still preserving your onward course. If you are in the habit of moving in the best circles, you can do this without difficulty. The result will be advantageous. In extremely windy weather you will see Signs of masculine approval falling all about you. If you have properly educated your feet, so much the better for the Accomplishment of your Ends. In any event, you will be enabled to present yourself favorably in every direction, which is, of itself, an inestimable gain.

These admonitions are not for the benefit of any particular class. They are given with a sincere view to the Successful Course of Female Progress, and with the hope that they will aid in the March of Improvement. They may be practiced by ladies in any Walk of Life.

SONG.

DEDICATED TO MR. EDMUNDSON.

AIR:—*Donnybrook Fair.*

Although we were never at Donnybrook Fair
We know what the Irishman always did there,
With a sprig of shillalah, and shamrock so green.
But sure, that's no reason at all in the world,
Why insults each day should in Congress be hurl'd,
Or why one of the members, as big as a House,
Should fall on another, the size of a Mouse,
With a sprig of shillalah to batter him green.

Paradoxical.

The opening of private documents by Virginia pos masters still continues. It is difficult to account for such indecency and bad manners in a State that has so long been distinguished above all others for its Breeding.

Scripture for Topers.

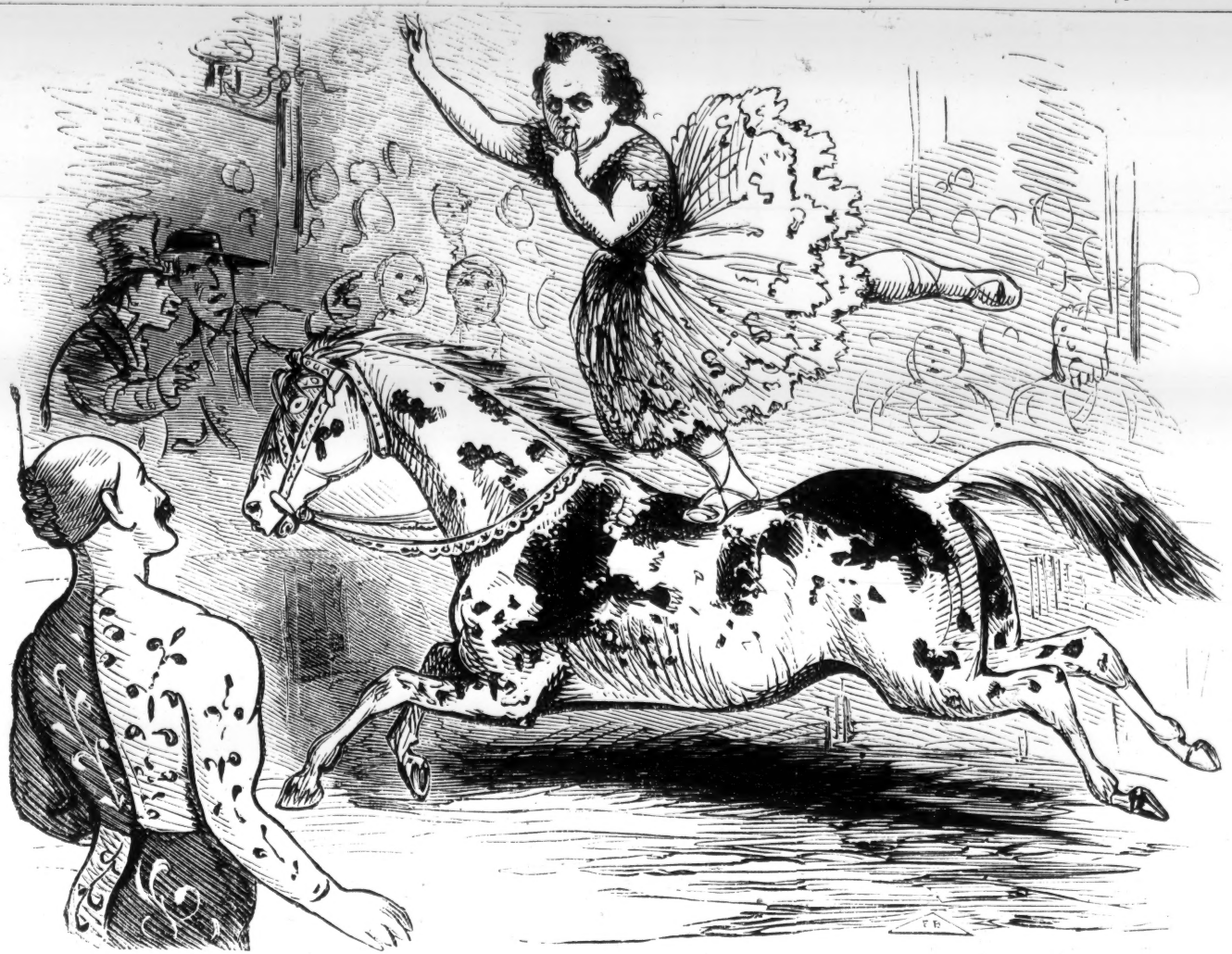
The Wages of Gin is Death.

A Subterranean Vegetable.

Celery.

BAD FOR THE PASSENGERS.

PERPLEXED SWITCHMAN.—Be me sowl! it's mesilf that's forgot which switch it is to be turned!



THE POLITICAL ZOYARA.

[*M'LLE ELLA DOUGLAS IN THE GREAT PIROUETTE ACT.*]

GENTLEMAN FROM THE SOUTH.—Looks a good deal like it, and yet——

GENTLEMAN FROM THE NORTH.—Waäl, I donno; guess it's rayther doubtful.

EDWARD'S RIVAL.

GREAT has been the demand of late, in the repositories of foreign literature—the stores where yellow is as respectable a color for a cover as any other, and the name of Paul de Kock has not to cross the counter in a whisper—for one little book. Proficients in the politest of languages are still, however, in a sad minority, and although the clubs had it on their tables, the sybarites of literature read it, and it was the companion of beauty in a few perfumed boudoirs, "Fanny" was a dead little book to the great mass of American readers. But it has been vitalized by the breath of a translator, and instead of being a rare and dainty tit-bit, a sweet morsel to be rolled under the epicurean tongue, the little book is within the reach of the uncultivated public; and, put forth by publishers who have a reputation, in a land where language is as free as thought, and every guarantee is afforded against the suppression which it received in puritanical Paris, it may be perused by persons who have Paris still to do, as well as that numerous and now dissatisfied class who have already done it.

Simple "Fanny"—without any surname. Written by Ernest Feydeau, and introduced by Jules Janin, the thundering Jove of the Paris press, who makes reputations and sends artists to heaven or—obscurity, after their first night; who made Rachel, and then unmade her. The Devil in the flesh, dressed in broadcloth without any opening for a tail, in little boots concealing the cloven, and in unblemished kid gloves, would take pleasure in doing what Janin does. That is to take the little book and send it to his "beautiful, sincere, and particular" friend, Madame Armande Bernard, who is away with her child getting rest on the bosom of nature, the sea, and drinking the music of eternity from the shore. He sends it to her for her amusement, her consolation, to "lull her to repose" and to "change her entirely." He commends it to her because it is a little book, that when "some one calls," "hides itself in the bottom of your right-hand pocket;" because it is "ingenious, charming, short, easy-going, and free;" because it is "fascinating and full of mysteries;" because it is "neat, elegant, well-dressed;" because it is "refined, delicate, finished, complete, original, ingenious and ardent;" because it is "full of eloquence, of advice, and of jealousy;" because "it is true whenever it *comes from the soul and heart of a poet.*"

The characters of the little book are three: There are Fanny and her husband, and Edward. Fanny is the mother of three children—on her husband's side. Her husband is "a species of bull with a human face;" "pervaded by a certain air of calm rectitude;" "should say his age was about forty." Edward is eleven years younger than Fanny; of "purity of race, elegance of figure, and nervous feebleness;" "a sylph compared with the giant," Fanny's husband. Edward loves Fanny, "at once, to the loss of reason." It is a "spiritual union." The two souls are "united in a fond embrace, vague, sweet, and thrilling with rapture." When together, they "fold themselves in the fondest embraces;" she sits in her bare feet; their hands united, they "whisper incoherent words," "look distractedly into each other's eyes;" his lips are "glued to her feet."

There is a shadow over this young dream. One day Fanny inadvertently refers to her husband. A "singular oppression drives the blood from Edward's face;" a mania seizes him to see his Rival; he does see him; it is at dinner; he "eats mechanically;" he "barely forces himself to be polite;" he "looks more haggard than an assassin." Edward's happiness is gone. He grows "terribly jealous." The Husband appears to him in his dreams, "pitilessly destroying his visions of happiness." In vain he tries to console himself with the reflection that "many women live under the same roof with their husbands, scarcely ever noticing them." He cannot "acquire that accommodating spirit of the age which permits the lover of a woman *to press the hand of her husband as if he were his best friend.*" His Rival perpetually haunts him. He rents a house next door to Fanny. On "a beautiful night in August" he creeps into their piazza. A window not entirely closed reveals to his eager eyes a frightful spectacle. Fanny sits on her husband's (his Rival's) lap and caresses him! Edward weeps. He prays. He "loses his equilibrium," totters, and falls. He wanders off and jumps into a "dark stream" and is swept away. He is found by some fishermen, a few mornings afterward, "on the bank of the Seine, his head in the mud," and is carried home in a high fever. Outraged beyond endurance, he spurns Fanny from his bedside, and bitterly upbraids her. Then he goes away and buries himself in a "solitary house," needing repairs, where he sees no company, and is entirely miserable the rest of his days.

The theory of the little book is very simple. Edward's Rival is Society, in all its cherished sanctities, in all its most blessed institutions, in all its pure imagery of home, and love. Let us carry it out, the theory of the little book, and the man who defames and villifies your character may justly regard you as *his* natural enemy; the man who enters your house at midnight and despoils it of its treasure may count you the villain, the disturber of his peace, if you call the watch, or throttle him with your own hands.

It makes Purity and Faith and Justice the outlaws, and brands them with shame. Are we all ready for that?

Any Other Name Twice as Sweet.

So much practical cruelty has been displayed in the choice of a name for the new hotel that Philadelphia means to keep—that large pile of architectural propriety which, for many days, obstructed Chestnut-street, and put the reporters to their superlatives—that we are surprised that great patronage should be expected. Not to speak of the meaninglessness of the simple word, "Continental," and the fatality with which the vulgar mind will associate it with a certain brief, emphatic, and impolite affix, what dismal results will flow from the title to strangers from distant parts! The first ambition of the far Southerner, or wild Westerner, on arriving in the Sodom or Gomorrah of the East, is a "high old time." Now we will imagine, if you please, a Continental in the City of Brotherly Bricks. He has registered his name (in pursuance of the advice recently furnished by the *Press*) and bullied a waiter, and got to the bar. Thence, after a prolonged suction, he emerges. The whole city is before him. Already he feels monarch of all he surveys. He makes a night of it. The hour of 3 A.M. finds him bewildered and battered, singing to a lamp-post, oblivious of home. The hour of 4 finds him very cold, and penitent, and miserable, desirous of comforter, craving quilt. To the slow and heavy-treading watchman he shakily appeals. Now our climax. It is when, with thick and rebellious speech, he endeavors to mention the name of his hotel. How shall he articulate that fearful polysyllable—Con-'el-l? That great test of inebriation, "National Intelligencer," is not harder. We are sure that unless the proprietors would see their new hotel incontinently shunned by the travelling public of the South and West, they will be fast to establish some easy nickname.

The Very Latest from Governor Wise.

In the *Herald* of the 16th inst., we find the following item of intelligence from California:—

"A letter had been received in San Francisco from the balloonist, Henry A. Wise, proposing an ærial trip from that city to New-York, across the Great Plains."

We were aware that Henry A. Wise has been considered a high-flyer for many years, but this last announcement of the Governor rather caps the climax of his erratic life. Still, upon reflection, it does not appear at all strange that he should be able to accomplish the feat, as it is well known that the business of his life has been to generate Gas, and as he is now out of office, and, therefore, must be daily accumulating a large quantity, it is, perhaps, the only way in which he can get rid of the surplus.

The Douglas Tactics.

[RATHER AN IMPROVEMENT ON WATTS.]

How doth the busy Stephen D.
Improve each shining hour,
And gather voters all the day
From every Old Line bower.

How skilfully he builds each "sell,"
How neat he plants his whacks,
And labors hard to gammon well,—
Oh! what sweet fools he makes!

The Home Stretch.

"How to make both ends meet."

GRAND EXPOSURE OF THE CEREMONIES OF THE SONS OF MALTA.

[After the manner of the Heavy Pictorials.]

To Our Readers and Others.—At the outset of our task, we wish to announce that many years ago, before the Order of the Sons of Malta was generally known to exist, and before this paper had even been projected, we received a number of threatening documents, intimating that in case we should persist in our contemplated exposure, nothing awaited us but a speedy death and an unhonored grave. Paralyzed by terror we were not. We instantly set ourselves to the work of constructing the most reliable record of the proceedings of this celebrated Order that ingenuity could prepare. Fact and invention were in turn exhausted. Consequently the exactness of our description is above suspicion.

We were once exhorted to assume the office of Grand Behemoth to the Order—the highest in its gift—with its accompanying brilliant income of many yearly thousands. Notwithstanding this, it is from no motive of enmity towards any of the Sons of Malta that we now put forward these disclosures. On the contrary, we are actuated only by the sincerest convictions of public duty, without a hope of reward beyond that of a mind replete with satisfaction, and a conscience as tranquil as a moonlit lake.

The order of the Sons of Malta was instituted in the ark by Noah—since deceased. Its original object was to mitigate the tedium of the winter evenings on Mount Ararat, and for a time its operations were practised with good effect, but as the proceedings became gradually more hilarious, certain members of that happy family took offense. The rhinoceros was found too thin-skinned to bear the hardest jokes, and presently the camel got his back up. The hyena, on the other hand, laughed himself almost to death, so that fears were entertained that his species would become extinct. For these reasons, the progress of the Organization was discouraged, and for many centuries it remained stagnant.

Its revival in this country is one of those inscrutable mysteries from which the baffled mind recoils unsatisfied. But, as it is here among us, in all its portentous dimensions, we feel compelled to render to the world the careful and complete exposition which we have prepared. We may state also, that in our relation, nothing but the truth shall be tampered with, and only the positive facts distorted. And as nothing is to be accomplished in the way of securing ampler confidence by pledging our sacred word to the genuineness of our revelation, we cheerfully make that pledge.

The ceremonies of initiation into this Order are altogether too frightful in their character, and too startling in their enormity, to be described. We therefore proceed to give them in detail.

The candidate, on presenting himself, is divested of all clothing with the exception of boots, trowsers, shirt, and stockings. His eyes are then blindfolded, and he is conducted, by means of an instrument compounded of pike and battle-axe, to the portal of the lodge. At this point he is asked if it hurts, and if so, where. Any attempt to answer is immediately suppressed.

After admittance has been vouchsafed to him, the candidate is compelled to remove the bandage from his eyes, which are then and there extracted, put through a purifying process, and in due time

restored to their original locality. This is to enable him to take a new view of things.

He is then subjected to the ordeals of the cauldron and the spit.

The first of these is considered one of the most Trying operations in the calendar. The second is less objectionable, although it has been observed that the subject burns to get through with it, and that he seldom, if ever, requests a repetition.

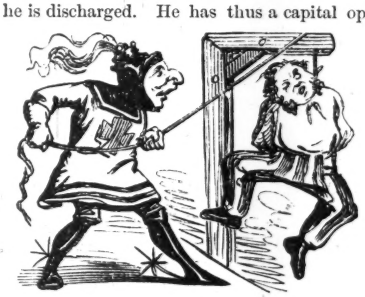
Decollation is then practiced upon him, with the object of testing his good nature. After a proper period, if no undue resentment be shown, he is carefully recapitated. During this process, partial symptoms of insanity sometimes appear, the neophyte evidently being more or less Out of his Head. Occasionally, in times of haste, heads are wrongly replaced, the effect of the exchange being extremely pleasing to the beholder.

The next ordeal is the one upon which the admission or rejection

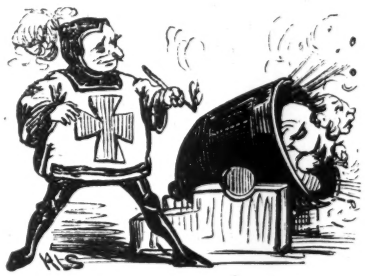
of the candidate chiefly hangs. If triumphantly passed through, ultimate success may be expected.

He is then confined, for a brief term, within a capacious mortar.

After this he is discharged. He has thus a capital opportunity of



learning whether the Aims of the Sons of Malta are, on the whole, correct.



All being now well over, he is saluted with congratulations of

intensest warmth, invested with the legitimate adornments of the Accepted Son, and declared to be a just and worthy member of the brotherhood. The reports as to the utterance of such phrases as

"'Tis Well," "No Levity," "Recorded," etc., are one and all false, to the best of our belief; and, so far as we know, few persons are better capable of judging what is false than we are.

This is the true and faithful exposition of the hideous and abominable mysteries of the Order of the Sons of Malta. And we may as well hint that if our purpose, whatever it may be, does not meet its accomplishment in consequence of this development, we stand ready to produce, next week, another disclosure, equally veracious and reliable, and infinitely more terrific and harrowing in aggregate and in detail.

THE SONG OF THE BAY STATE SHOEMAKER.

Take heed in time, you gentlemen
  Of Haverhill and Lynn;
An awful fuss 'twixt you and us
  May speedily begin.
Be warned, you men of Marblehead,
  And men of marble hearts,
If we but stand aloof, from you
  Prosperity departs.

You feed upon us working men,
  And drink your cobblers too;
But we're rough men, so think again,
  We're neither faint nor few.
It's true you haven't any souls,
  And 'tis no use to beg,
But you shall know how long we'll go
  Before we stir a peg.

We know that you are full of wealth,
  In purses and in lands,
But you can never get ahead
  Without the aid of hands.
Against all thought of compromise
  Our senses now are steeled,
And we will ne'er to shop repair,
  Until our wrongs are healed.

Hunger and want may threaten us,
  Grim woe and famine pale;
But be you sure we'll only stir
  For cash upon the nail.
So on the anniversary
  Of our Great Father's birth,
You may allow how much the vow
  Of "greasy jours" is worth.

Lectures for the Coming Week.

In consequence of the great success of the Lectures delivered by the Rev. W. H. Milburn, entitled, What a Blind Man saw in England, it is to be succeeded by the following: What a Deaf Man heard in Ireland, by Dr. Cahill; Where a Lame Man went in Scotland, by J. G. Bennett; What a Dumb Man said in Wales, by Rev. Jonah.

Mere Blowing.

Notwithstanding the Gale of last week was the cause of so many disasters, we understand that some people were entirely Carried Away with it.

PLAYFUL EXHIBITION OF GRATITUDE ON THE PART OF FARMER HAWBUCK'S CALF, FOR THE WEANING-MUZZLE WITH WHICH IT HAS BEEN PRESENTED.

Our Political Logic.

A prominent candidate of the Democratic party, in Pennsylvania, for the nomination of Governor, is a Mr. W. H. Witte, of Philadelphia. If VANITY FAIR can be said to have any Gubernatorial preference, it, of course, must be for the Witty candidate everywhere. Consequently it will be out of its power to advocate the claims of any party in its own State, who should seriously nominate either Editor of the *Express* for a similar office.

Gallic Modesty.

M. Granier de Cassagnac in a late number of *Le Pays*, in reference to the Papal question, says :—

"Speaking absolutely, God has no need of anybody; but for the last fourteen centuries he has always thought it useful to employ France for the accomplishment of his designs."

After this we are not at all surprised that the Emperor has taken it upon himself to suppress the *Univers*.

Pro-Slavery Abolitionists.

Massa Chusetts.

TWENTY PER CENT.

Oh! my God, what a terrible dream!
What a terrible deathly dream!
So vividly clear that the frozen air
Is full of its choking scream.
So vividly clear, that I see the glare
Of a thousand funeral pyres,
And a thousand shrieks from the hissing flames
Of a thousand midnight fires.

I dreamed that I stood in the midst of men,
In the midst of a wondrous town,
Where Christian people with souls to save,
Walked evermore up and down.
Walked evermore on, from womb to grave,
With open staring eyes,
And yet were they blind to the funeral lights,
And deaf to the horrible cries.

I dreamed that there sat in the very heart
Of this gorgeous Christian town,
A subtle, shadowy figure, enthroned,
To whom the crowd bowed down.
A shadowy figure subtle boned,
To whom the crowd sang hymns,
A shape with a thousand restless eyes,
And a thousand snakelike limbs.

I dreamed that this shadowy figure sat
On heaps of whitened bones,
From whence, as sang and bent the crowd,
Came long and shivering moans.
Then one by one of the throng who bowed,
He seized with the speed of wind,
And picking the flesh in shreds away,
He threw the bones behind.

And still as I watched the shadowy form,
He muttered the same decree,
"Twenty per cent! Twenty per cent!
Twenty per cent! for me!"
And still as I watched, there fawningly bent,
A crowd of a thousand score,
Who had done the work of the shadowy form,
And were pleading with him for more.

A thousand score of the builders craft,
Mason and carpenter bold,
Architects, laden with scholarly lore,
To work for the greed of gold.
And then as I listened above the roar,
The chink of the trowel upwent,
And every blow of the thousand score,
Sang, "Twenty, Twenty, per cent!"

And still as I watched and listened to all,
Up sprang to the marvellous cry,
A thousand of ghostly, ghastly walls,
Towering into the sky.
And hard by the porch of these tottering hells,
Stood a skeleton figure intent,
On driving the crowd to the coffin built shells,
Crying, "Twenty, Twenty per cent!"

Poverty, wretchedness, drunkenness, all,
And every shade of woe.
Poverty up toward the sky,
And drunkenness down below.
Still with the same blank, marvellous cry,
He huddled the wretches in,
Poverty, misery, want and shame,
Miserly thrift and sin.

And still as I watched the tremulous walls,
There came a most terrible cry,
It was drunkenness down in the cellars below,
Sending messenger flames on high.
Great God! how greedily hot they glow,
To the hundreds caged within;
How horribly clear is the dying shriek,
Over the city's din.

Mark! where that struggling, smothering girl
Springs from the burning walls,
To die in a crushed and shapeless mass
On the pavement where she falls.
Mark! how the shrieking figures pass,
Like spectres through the fire,
Whose forked tongues licked the paper floors,
Whose footsteps never tire.

Mark! where the stricken groups have flown,
Before the hot blast of death,
Far up to the grey, unpitying sky,
They stand with abated breath.
One long, one shivering, shuddering cry,
From the crowd below is sent,
Like a curse, with the crash of the ghostly walls,
For the shadowy Twenty per cent.

Oh! God, but it was a fearful dream;
Yet only a dream, you see,
For every Christian knows full well,
That no such things can be.
And so I'm glad to be able to tell,
What all will understand,
That such things can never happen in truth,
Not in a Christian land.

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